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If the Electoral College Fail to Choose a President.

This is a case of supposing, not of knowing beforehand. Who does know beforehand?

In the Presidential election of 1912 the total of the electoral votes of the forty-eight States is 531, and 266 electoral votes are necessary to a choice.

Merely supposing all the while, let us say that the 531 electoral votes are thus distributed:

Taft	Wilson	Roosevelt
Connecticut, 7	Alabama, 12	California, 13
Illinois, 29	Arizona, 3	Idaho, 4
Iowa, 13	Arkansas, 9	Kansas, 10
Massachusetts, 18	Colorado, 6	Maine, 6
Michigan, 15	Delaware, 3	Minnesota, 12
New Hampshire, 4	Florida, 6	Montana, 4
New York, 45	Georgia, 14	Nevada, 4
Ohio, 24	Indiana, 15	Oklahoma, 10
Pennsylvania, 38	Kentucky, 13	Oregon, 10
Rhode Island, 5	Louisiana, 10	Washington, 7
Utah, 4	Maryland, 8	Wyoming, 7
Vermont, 3	Mississippi, 9	
Wisconsin, 13	Missouri, 18	
	Nebraska, 8	
	New Jersey, 14	
	New Mexico, 3	
	No. Carolina, 12	
	So. Carolina, 9	
	So. Dakota, 5	
	Tennessee, 12	
	Texas, 20	
	Virginia, 12	
	West Va., 4	

We have been exceedingly generous to Mr. Taft in the foregoing purely hypothetical tabulation. We have been more than liberal to the Bull Moose. We are also conscious that we have perhaps skimped Dr. Wilson a little for the sake of the illustration. Nevertheless the foregoing arrangement serves the purpose as well as any other.

No candidate having received a majority of the electoral vote, it becomes the business of the House of Representatives to elect, or try to elect, under the provisions contained in the Twelfth Amendment of the Constitution, the House may vote by State delegations, each delegation casting one vote for either of the three candidates named above. The vote of each delegation will be determined, according to the precedents of 1801 and 1825, by the majority of the votes given in that delegation. For an election by the House there must be a majority of all the States; in the present instance twenty-five States are needed to elect.

Now it happens that on strict party lines, that is as between a Republican and a Democratic candidate, the Sixty-second Congress is so divided politically that on a vote by States as units the result would be as follows:

Republican	Democratic
California	Alabama
Connecticut	Arizona
Idaho	Arkansas
Illinois	Colorado
Iowa	Delaware
Kansas	Florida
Massachusetts	Georgia
Michigan	Indiana
Minnesota	Kentucky
Montana	Louisiana
Nevada	Maryland
New Hampshire	Mississippi
North Dakota	Missouri
Oregon	New Jersey
Pennsylvania	New Mexico
South Dakota	New York
Utah	North Carolina
Vermont	Ohio
Washington	Oklahoma
Wisconsin	South Carolina
Wyoming	Tennessee
	Texas
	Virginia
	West Virginia

In each of the three remaining States, Maine, Nebraska and Rhode Island, the delegation is equally divided between Republicans and Democrats. If there was a persistent deadlock in these delegations the votes of the States could not be recorded. If Dr. Wilson should receive the votes of the twenty-four States in the Democratic column printed above—as he probably would—still lack the vote of one State needed to make a majority of all the States and to elect him in the House. On the other hand, it would be in the power of one Republican Representative from Maine, or one from Nebraska, or one from Rhode Island, to give the determining vote that would make a Democratic President of the United States.

Further, if the deadlock should persist in these divided delegations, rendering an election by the House impossible, the Senate would proceed to elect a Vice-President, in case the Electoral College had failed also to choose that

officer. Under the constitutional provisions the Senate would elect by majority vote of all the Senators a Vice-President from the two candidates having the highest number of electoral votes, and the person thus elected as Vice-President would become, on March 4, the President of the United States if the House had failed to choose a President. Forty-nine votes would be needed in the Senate to make a Chief Magistrate in this way. Could they be had for Governor MARSHALL? Could they be had for the Hon. JAMES S. SHERMAN? Could they be had for any Rooseveltian nominee, even supposing that he had won in the electoral contest more votes than Mr. Taft's running mate?

Such is the situation which is beginning to command throughout the country the attention which it merits by reason of its extraordinary character. It is one of the disturbing aspects of the triangular contest precipitated in 1912 by the selfish and ruthless ambition of a single individual who would deem himself insulted if the sincerity of his self-proclaimed patriotism were questioned by anybody.

The Viterbo Trial.

Italy and the Italian Government are to be congratulated on the result of the murder trial at Viterbo. For once, at any rate, the might of the law of the land has been enforced against the powerful organization that dominates Naples with its social, political and criminal influence. The conviction of some leaders of the lower, criminal Camorra may instill caution, at least, in the men who have used the organization to obtain municipal and even national office. Their henchmen are warned that the State will intervene when they undertake to settle their private quarrels after their own fashion.

What Italy has gained from the protracted and expensive trial was worth the effort. The Government has demonstrated its determination and its ability to enforce the law and punish crime regardless of the consequences. The murders were the outcome of a vulgar quarrel among criminals, which the Neapolitan police was ready enough to let pass unnoticed; the national Government took it up, it patiently unravelled the crime and secured the criminals, it prosecuted them relentlessly in spite of all the influences that sought to impede the trial, it allowed every latitude to the defence and it has at last secured a conviction. The moral effect would perhaps have been greater if it had not been found necessary to change the venue, but it is Naples that must bear the shame of being unable to give a fair trial when the Camorra was concerned. The courage and resolution required to carry out what in ordinary communities are the simple, ordinary processes of the law can be appreciated only by those who are familiar with conditions in southern Italy and Sicily; in this country we get some idea of them when the wishes of political machines, against organized graft or against the combined obstruction of foreigners in the Chinatowns and "little Italys."

The courageous jurymen of Viterbo by their verdict have saved the long and careful prosecution from being turned into a farce. The procedure in Latin criminal cases is so different from our own that it is almost unintelligible to Americans, especially when presented in the fragments that were cabled. The strange doings in this Viterbo trial puzzle us, even lawyers who have studied the foreign codes, until the full report is published. But regardless of the outbursts of sentimentality, of obfuscation and of forensic eloquence, the level-headed, practical Romans who sit on the jury have had sixteen months in which to study the careful of emotional Neapolitan who were accused, and have probably come to as just a verdict, through their subtle Italian reasoning, as an English or a New York jury would reach by methods we understand better.

At all events, a body blow has been dealt to the Camorra; we trust it may be followed by others that will keep it under cover for a while, but one result may be to increase the troubles of the police of Buenos Ayres and of New York.

England and America in the Olympic Games.

The point score in the track and field games at Stockholm shows the United States athletes far in the lead, with the representatives of Great Britain back in the ruck in the company of the lesser nations. Great is the blow to British pride, and in part the humiliation is deserved. In the British Isles there is good athletic material still, although it is undeniable that the native stock has degenerated. Even the London Times, with a disposition to put the best face upon the matter, admits that the English athletes "are built on a small scale." Moreover, they are ineffectively trained and under no sort of regulation and discipline. Individuals eat and drink what they please, keep late hours, and resent advice and admonition. One of the British "stars" is quoted as saying that nobody in authority on his team had said a word to him on the subject of training, and he adds with the wonted touch of superciliousness that he "would have been extremely annoyed if anybody had spoken to him."

Time was, and not so long ago, when the abiding place of superiority in athletic sports was England. It was the case of Ellipse first and the rest nowhere. From England came the athletes and the trainers who showed and taught Americans how to run, walk, jump, swim, row and excel in many games of all kinds. For many years some of the most distinguished of the prize-winning athletes in American clubs were importations from Great Britain and Ireland, or natives of those countries settled in the United States. Thirty years ago this was not a country of athletes. To-day it leads the world in track and field games, in boxing and wrestling, and in most of the many sports. Competitive athletics

have become the fashion and the rage in the United States, and are taken very seriously by the American people, in which respect they differ from the English, in whom an insular prejudice breeds a complacency fatal to continued success in competition.

The sceptre has passed, and while it may go some day to methodical Germany or to Russia with her "teeming millions"—the Russians may be victors in the Olympic Games long before the middle of the century—the sceptre will hardly be restored to the hand of Old England. The British Empire may grasp it, however, in one of the early Olympics, for Canada, Australasia and South Africa are turning out formidable athletes, and even India is a field that might be cultivated with advantage. But as regards the rivalry of the United States and Old England, the issue is practically determined, provided the interest manifested by Americans in the Olympic Games is maintained, of which there can be no reasonable doubt.

The superiority of the athletes representing the United States is to be explained only in part by better training methods and team discipline; in much greater degree it is accounted for by a more abundant supply of good physical material. The cosmopolitan American people show no sign of impairment of stock; quite the reverse. There are 90,000,000 of them as compared with half the number in Great Britain and Ireland. A count of collegiate institutions and preparatory schools, all of them devoted to competitive athletics, would show a heavy preponderance in favor of the United States, and the same may be said of amateur athletic clubs. It is not surprising that Americans now excel in track and field sports, and in sports of strength, skill and activity generally. Future triumphs in the Olympic Games against competing nations the United States may expect with well grounded confidence; but the blight on success, overconfidence born of complacency, must be guarded against. The Continental nations are also going in for athletic sports, and bright particular stars have already risen above the horizon. It is the United States against the field, and the odds will be on the field. However well the American athletes may acquit themselves against those of individual nations, primacy over all others combined in the Olympic Games is not to be expected, but when it is achieved the glory will be transcendent.

A Sad Accident in Fourth Avenue.

Every real friend of the Progressive cause must regret the unhappy accident which occurred in the office of the *Outlook* on Tuesday. By reason of this accident the Hon. J. FRANK ALLEE, still memorable for his part in a fairly recent uplift campaign in Delaware, arrived too late to join Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT and his staff at their modest noonday meal.

A whole political world has reason to mourn the accident, for it is plain there could have been no design in the thing. The spectacle of Dr. ABBOTT and the former Senator from Delaware discussing the spiritual and practical aspects of the Progressive campaign over their flowing beakers of milk, could the limits of a single campaign measure its inspiring appeal?

Unfortunate as was the accident, it does not completely obscure the visit of the Hon. J. FRANK ALLEE to the headquarters of virtue. Where else in this great battle for human liberty would the lieutenant of the Hon. J. EDWARD ABBOTT go? The moment he read the list of the financial backers of the Bull Moose undertaking his heart was in the cause. The appeal to the Colonel has been issued to the Minute Men of 1912, and here is the Hon. J. FRANK ALLEE almost on the minute.

As for Dr. ABBOTT, we trust he will be able to repair his loss. He owes it to himself, his cause and his journal to devote at least half an hour to the improving conversation of the Hon. J. FRANK ALLEE. For the instruction and delight of future generations, too, we hope that neither the diagraph nor the moving picture machine will be excluded on that memorable occasion.

The Sin of the Flinnsylvania Drys.

After the pious and religious proem of the Flinnsylvania Drys, their earnestness, sincerity, deep and high moral purposes, their ways and means, including the initiative, referendum and recall, of bettering and enlightening this poor world of sin, their hatred of "unscrupulous political aggregations" and "corrupting influences," their pride in "the true progressiveness" of the prohibition party, this cynical, this monstrous aversion in their platform bites immediately one's faith in the clairvoyance of good men, in the power of virtue to impress itself upon the world:

"In our judgment the substitution of rough rider methods for the steam roller process in the politics of our State, of 'Boss' Flinn for 'Boss' PENROSE, would be of little advantage to our people."

Mr. FLINN's righteousness is impugned. It comes to him a brevet and license of angel wings, radiant, spotless, all covering, from the source and judge of political virtue, the elector and elected of decent citizens. Mr. PENROSE had the license once, but he fell or rather was thrown out, reprobate, accursed, if it is not of supreme advantage to put Contract BILL, whose large means are at the call of virtue, in the place of the comparatively indigent PENROSE, what is the good of goodness?

It may be of interest to the American Aviators Association, which was formed in Chicago on Monday to take measures to make flying safer, to learn what Colonel HIRSCHACKER, chief of the Aviation Department of the French army, had to say on the subject to the Chamber of Deputies recently. Dangerous as military aviation must be in the nature of the service, 1,800 applications for the detail had been filed. Young officers entrained with tears in their eyes to be employed, although there had been nine fatalities in the corps in the first six months of 1912. Every aeroplane was examined by a commission of experts

before it was turned over to the army, and no aeroplane was taken out of a hangar for trials until the pilot and a mechanic had tested each component part of it. If an imperfection or weakness was noted repairs were made at once.

Every army aeroplane is now fitted with a contrivance that instantly shows when the rate of speed exceeds or falls below the point of safety. The War Ministry has offered a prize of \$50,000 for an invention that will reduce the danger of loss of control to a minimum. Meanwhile the army is constantly experimenting itself. As it is supposed that accidents sometimes occur because the aviator and not the machine is at fault, each officer and man employed is obliged to undergo frequent tests of his heart, lungs and sight. Colonel HIRSCHACKER said that he preferred young men for the service, because the record showed that it was generally the older men who had accidents. Many of his new pupils, he said, were under twenty years of age.

Daily we read the Sea Girt despatches in vain for the hopeful sign of a successor to MARY JANE, the lamb that made Esopus almost famous.

Let the champions of the international language now in session in Boston persevere all candidates and campaign speakers to use only Esperanto until October and they will make it the most popular language in America.

It is a pleasure to know that Mr. GEORGE CLINTON PARRIS, book agent at the New Yorker who stopped for the day on rounding his green youth Tuesday, went on the road again yesterday, careless of the fervor and ardency of the too near sun. A man built to live, a connoisseur in viability, master of the hardest of arts. May he practise it for many and many a happy year to come, to his own satisfaction and the reproof of too fragile a generation. If folks still know how to linger in this cheerful world, the fact that a child of 73 had his nose broken while he was playing at the ball yesterday would be set down solemnly as a rare and prodigious event. When we think of Old PARRIS—but perhaps people don't want to live long and perhaps they are right. Could Old PARRIS have stood the interminable cant and yawn of the politicians of to-day?

THE TRAMPS' BADEKER.

An Amateur With "Stomach Trouble" Invites to Highway and Township.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—I appreciate the tramp story in Sunday's paper. The Rev. Algernon Crapsey is a writer and seems the right kind of a man. I too am a tramp. The \$20 a week New Yorker, who says he cannot afford a vacation trip, should try this tramp:

To Tartravon, across ferry. Tramp to Sparkill, through Tuxedo by Suffern to Monroe, Chester, Goshen and Middletown. Then to the lake country by Monticello, by White Lake to Damascus, Pa. From there tramp down the Delaware River.

Or go to Honesdale, Pa. The towpath of the old Lackawanna Canal makes a nice covered route. During the week you can have a daily bath under the broken sluice gates. Talk about your needle baths! A tramp can find better by this old canal. The scenery is charming along the Lackawanna River. The shadow effects in the evenings are very pretty. The broken canal presents opportunities to study obsolete methods of construction. The "Pennys" people are good and hospitable, even to a tramp. But they cannot understand why a man should walk twenty or thirty miles in a day. I always say I've "stomach trouble."

In these athletic times I wonder why this is so. I am 41 years old, but I cannot find young men to tramp with. I go it alone.

If a few half baked poets and thinkers could find a tramp, what a triumph it would be. New England is a good tramping country, but it is difficult for a tramp to get food from farmers, even when he flashes the price.

The towpath of the unused canal by the Lackawanna River is incomparable for a tramp and a nature lover.

NEW YORK, July 10. JOHN BEET.

His Antidote.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—The Colonel's declaration of his determination to use the high road, of being on a campaign issue doubtless concerns no one more vitally than you who in these sweltering days return to our homes with sweated brows and appetites keen from hard manual toil to partake of repasts not as bounteous as might be desired. But we would have you announce the name of his all healing herb, the remedy to cure this evil which, quite remarkably, had its inception in the days of the never to be forgotten bread lines familiar during the hard times of 1907.

WEST POINT, July 10. J. HEART.

The Call in Primary Terms.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—The "call" for a new party in words of one syllable, so any child can understand it: "I want another cup of coffee." C. B. A.

Two Baltimore Boller-makers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—A character well known about Baltimore recently with the aid of a friend and dog, without paying a cent for them, he is commonly known as Boozie. Recently he had no money; neither did his friend. But he got busy with his brain.

The two went to a vacant lot where a large worm-hole boiler had been dumped. They got under it, creased their faces and got in the boiler, where they made the residents of the neighborhood miserable with their pounding. An hour later they walked into a saloon across the street and ordered drinks. After disposing of the liquid they started out.

"Here you, you 'ink dis lot!" yelled the saloon keeper. "You pay me for dot."

"Oh, the 'ink dot!" replied Boozie. "We're right over here working on this boiler and we'll be here for two weeks. We'll pay you Saturday."

And this was only Monday, but the proprietor consented for the sake of getting more trade he let them go. When Saturday morning came they failed to appear. The saloon keeper investigated and found the boiler was no good and that it was only put on the lot to await being broken up for scrap.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 9.

The Great Cats in Summer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—That a job like the New York, precluding a zoological park, would keep lions and tigers and other animals of the kind shut up in a cage during the hot summer months is inconceivable. In the zoo at Washington these animals have good shade and attached to their cages are long strong iron fences and containing each a large shade tree and a trough of running water, where they may lie in the shade and quench their thirst.

NEW YORK, July 9. C. P. KEEFER.

Platform Suggested.

The cost of living platform will prove of small account. So why not make the weather the issue paramount?

Just guarantee the farmer the sort his crops require, and give enfranchised ladies the brand for their attire.

Proclaim the square deal treatment wherever men may roam, and use the sun, wind, and water.

The middle Western home.

Then promise that the lightning will be the first to strike.

(The unjust being persons who don't approve of you.)

McLANDERSON WILSON.

INK OF THE IRISH.

Are They Profuse in It, Yet Niggardly of Monuments to Their Heroes?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Let me say to begin with that I am Irish only on the maternal side. My father is an American, my mother an Irish-American. My father, a Catholic, is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral on the occasion of the celebration of the semi-centenary of the departure of my maternal grandfather, who was a member of the Irish Brigade in the American Revolution. He died at the age of 80, and his remains were buried in the Irish Cemetery in New York City.

Irish and Irish Americans are among the foremost in military, political, mercantile, clerical and social life, and for many years they hold their own among the most brilliant. But when it comes to perpetuating the memory of the heroes who suffered and died for their adopted country, when it comes to setting posterity know their appreciation of the deeds of valor of the Irish Brigade and the Irish Brigade in the American Revolution, they are found to be niggardly.

When you visit the city of New York, I happened to see the statue erected by the Seventh Regiment, National Guard of the State of New York, to the memory of fifty-eight members who gave up their lives in the civil war. In all my ramblings I failed to see anything to remind me of the Irish Brigade and the Irish Brigade in the American Revolution. I might add that the Irish Brigade, of which the Sixty-ninth was the parent organization, had also as a brigade lost about 3,000. (These are the official records.) Where is there a solid monument to the Irish Brigade in any of our parks or public squares? And who has been in the political ascendancy in this city these many years and have been in position to do this in a manner worthy of their race? More to their shame, I say.

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Where is there a monument to the memory of Irish heroism on the battlefields of America and to leaders such as Corcoran, Meagher, Haggerty?

NEW YORK, July 10.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

The Name "Wilson" Said to Be of the Vikings and Berserkers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: How is it these "professional Irishmen" are permitted to grab everything in sight in your columns and get away with it? Wilson is a name that has been in the news for many years. In Scandinavian history the name of Paul became Paul as Norse. Peterson, Jackson, Johnson, Wilson, Paulson, Williamson and all the rest of the names that end in "son" are in origin, and in each family some will throw back to the fair hair and blue eyes.

In the vernacular of the day, "Who put the 'I' in the Irish?" AUGUST HOLST.

WEST END, N. Y., July 10.

WOODCHUCK LORE.

Habits of the Beast and the Hunters in Columbia County.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Touching on and appertaining to woodchucks, I note that a correspondent of THE SUN speaks of a bag of 123 woodchucks acquired by the German citizens of the town of Newburgh, N. Y., in the month of June. It is evident that he has not had much practical experience with the ground hog and is ill informed as to the edible qualities of this "critter." Here in Columbia County woodchuck is a great favorite with the German citizens, and they are coming into town every day with numbers of these animals, which they retail to the various saloons throughout the city.

Thirty-five in one day is a considerable number, but the brothers Con of this city were to take a day off they could beat this by 50 per cent.

Woodchucks are best hunted in the late afternoon of these hottest summer days. They seem to spend the morning in sleep or in food and come out about 4 or 5 o'clock to feed and enjoy the sunset. The most satisfactory way to hunt them is with a horse and wagon or automobile, driving along the road, and when a chuck is "out," circle so as to get above the hole and then shoot and wait for him to reappear after his disappearance when he has first sighted you.

Woodchuck hunting with a rifle is considerable of an undertaking and the favorite method is with a shotgun loaded with double number 4 shot. The chuck is a very hardy animal and is not easily killed. There is no reason why woodchuck meat should be as good as any, as the animal is very clean in its habits and eats only fresh vegetables. Farmers are generally very much pleased to see woodchuck hunters about their fields, as they are apt to do much damage, particularly if their holes are near garden patches.

Hudson, July 10. WOODCHUCKIAN.

A Song of the Day.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: From Yonkers down to Coney We'll have the macaroni. We'll vote for Taft 'Gainst all the graft. He is the man for Tony.

NEW YORK, July 10. A. GAROFALO.

Better Police Protection Needed in the Small Parks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: If city authorities should provide better police protection for the small parks scattered throughout Manhattan and Bronx boroughs, many people would visit these parks on hot summer evenings and take advantage of the benches that line the walks if they were certain that they would be safe from the lurking and prowling of the roughs who make their rendezvous there. These rowdies take advantage of the absence of policemen.

Take Crotona Park in the Bronx, for instance. It is a matter of record that decent people are afraid to visit it at night for fear of being insulted or held up. It appears to be a regular haunt for all kinds of creakers. Young girls have been insulted and if their escorts referred the rowdies promptly gave them a good trimming.

The need of more policemen in Crotona Park, the good and safe one which deserves a great deal of the fruit of a natural expression either in writing or conversing, but to the point on natural human conditions.

Literature with a capital L, most common and in our day ought to be considered as nothing else and nothing more than the adulteration of some human brains by the work of phillistine plagiarists or the "tropisms" of idiots.

For political "literature" in the form of a certain type of contributed editorials, advice, warnings, messages of every size, speeches of any sort, etc., the right expression should be "biffing." HENRI DE LAFITTE.

NEW YORK, July 10.

Taking No Chances.

Knicker-Yours is a dangerous business. Lifeguard—Yep, I won't rescue any wimmes over 15 unless they are married.

FEES AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

If the Pope Has Forbidden Them, Why Are They Collected in New York?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Since Mr. John H. Johnson, with his letter in THE SUN of June 25, set the ball rolling about fees at the church doors several of your correspondents have rushed into print ostensibly to reply to Mr. Sherwood's significant remarks; but, I am sorry to find, they are all "canon extra canon," as the logicians say.

To the gist of the question they give a wide berth and either indulge in invective or flippantly ventilate their own views in the matter. They would have done better had they sought an authoritative explanation of it.

The point, as I take it, is this: It is alleged that an order has been issued by the Pope that the churches must cease collecting at the doors fees for seats; that order does not apply to the churches in the New York diocese, and if not, why? I for one have seen no official explanation of the reason for disregarding the order, and I have taken it for granted that there must be some misunderstanding. Either the order was not intended to apply to the New York diocese, or the New York diocese is one of those not affected; or the order is not peremptory but merely discretionary.

If there really be such an order, this might not be a sufficient explanation; for the archdiocese of New York, which stands facile princeps among those of the United States, has presumed to set a bad example by openly disregarding a mandate of his Holiness the Pope. Ait omen!

This is not a subject for discussion in the public prints, and I feel sure an official explanation and statement of facts would be welcomed by all right minded Catholics. NEW YORK, July 7. E. H. A.